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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

JESUS OF NAZARETH

Our kings and people celebrate the day
When Saviour Christ, so Christians say, was born
In Bethlehem; a legend to adorn
A prophecy. Christ in a manger lay;
And Herod sent wise men from lands afar,
With gifts of gold and myrrh for Mary's son;
The wise men bowed and worshipped there the one
Whose birth was signalled by a guiding star.

O star shine out, and guide the wise once more,
Without the gold and frankincense they bore
To Joseph's son, and this time give them sight
To see the gifts the wise forgot that night:
His precious love and sympathy, the light
Of understanding from his Father's store.

—*Francis Neilson*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXIV THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1919 Number 17

THE INN-KEEPER SPEAKS

. . . "there was no room for them in the inn."—*Luke 11:7*

'Twas Jesus, Joseph's son, you say—
The man they crucified today?
May God forgive them! This was he—
Messias!—come to make us free!
How know I?—List, while I unfold
To thee a tale I have not told.

Thou mindest, Jacob, the black year
When Israel from far and near
Gathered like bees in swarm, to meet
The challenge of Rome's judgment seat.
In Bethlehem that night men fought
As shelter from the cold they sought.
Dull peasant folk on asses set,
Some fishers from Gennesaret,
Shepherds from Hebron's grassy side,
Wild men who prayed by Jordan's tide,
Traders still quick to buy and sell,
Doctors, scribes, lawyers, groomèd well,
Proud Pharisees with garments drawn
Against defilement from the spawn
Of men, fakirs with lean grimace,
Priests with fat hands and leering face,
Slaves, beggars, cursed Samaritans,
Chaldeans, Persian, Syrians,
Women, and babes, and frightened girls,
And always in the seething whirls,
Like wolves on Jericho's bleak waste,
The legion'ries in armor 'cased—
These were the flood that roared and beat
Asurge in Bethlehem's every street.

At evening while the stars were low,
Came on the door harsh blow on blow
Of one beset with fear. I ran
And opened to a haggard man,
Dust-grimed and weary. "Room!" he cried,
Ere I could speak, "My wife!—one side!"
I laughed, God help me, for the inn
Was full as any stable bin
Crammed down with harvest. "Quick," he said,
"In Yahveh's name, a room and bed!
My wife—a babe!" I laughed once more
At thought of my o'er-running store
Of guests, and shouted loud, "Too late!
Find bed with dogs!" and to their fate
Left them. O God, wilt thou forgive
This sin that I may ne'er outlive!

At midnight came a call of "Fire"!
As from the darkness of the byre
Broke forth a sudden flame. We sped
Like spectres conjured of the dead,
Smote wide the stable door—and then,
Saw what I have not told to men!
The oxen kneeling in the hay,
Like worshippers on holy day;
An ass in adoration bowed;
The farm-hands prostrate, as a crowd
That see their king; and from afar
The light of one white morning star
New-sprung from out the east, which met
Strange radiance from a manger set
Within the stable's farthest nook!
There, as I cast a startled look,
I saw a face, pale as the morn,
With weariness and anguish torn,
Yet with a rapture overborn;
And in the glory of that face
Was bathed an infant of such grace
As matched the wonder of the place.
Nay, from the babe the glory came
Like radiance from an altar flame.
I stood as one in dumb amaze;
Then as that maiden held my gaze,
I trembled, and in rev'rence knelt,
For in that countenance, I felt
God's presence!

Jacob, this was he
Whom men have nailed upon the tree.
He came from God, and now to God
Returns. In that first hour he trod
The outcast's path; through all his years
He walked alone, and still, with tears
And blood, shall walk. But on a day
When men are wearied on their way
Of strife and pain, and see no friend
But sorrow, and but death no end,
They shall bethink them of this man
Who now is slain, and of his plan
Of love; and they shall open wide
Their hearts, that he may there abide.
And he who had not where to lay
His head, shall find his home, and they
Who knew not how to live, shall learn,
And all with splendor shall the heav'ns burn,
And all with wonder shall the earth be filled.
And lo, above the world with beauty stilled,
Shall sound, as from an angel host, a cry
Of "Peace on earth—glory to God on high."

This, Jacob, is the tale I tell
Of what that holy night befell.
Mine eyes have seen the light of God;
My feet shall follow where he trod!

John Haynes Holmes.

God rest ye, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay, . . .

Did the "merry gentlemen," to whom this noble ballad of the Christmastide has been sung for years without number, ever have such occasion for "dismay" as come upon us in this "year of our Lord," 1919? What a world is this upon which we look—what pain, fear, hatred, death are on every land! The anticipated horrors of this one winter just now before us, are enough to paralyze the heart; and beyond this stretch the years when no man knoweth what new terror a day nor an hour may bring forth. And yet we cannot be as those who are without hope, for

Jesus Christ, our Savior,
Was born on Christmas Day.

We know the way out. We are beset by no ignorance—baffled by no inability to understand the cause and cure of the ills from which we perish. For the Nazarene has given us a law of life as indubitable as the law of gravitation revealed by Sir Isaac Newton. We have but to set our wills to personal obedience unto "the love which was in Christ Jesus," and organize our social relations unfalteringly to the end of his "kingdom upon earth," to banish our woes,

and deliver humanity from death. Christmas, therefore, may well bring to us new courage, as it teaches us the dual task of individual consecration and social statesmanship. Just to remember what Jesus said and did, is to feel new life within the soul; to realize that in him we have the secret of deliverance, is to face even this future without "dismay"!

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace,
East, west, north and south let the long quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of goodwill to man!

This is the song chanted by John Greenleaf Whittier in his "Christmas Carmen," and never did the song come to our ears with such poignancy as it does today. In spite of all the sacrifice of the last half decade, and all the fervent consecration of gallant souls to "the war to end war," the day of enduring peace seems farther away this Christmas than ever before. We know no greater spiritual agony than the remembrance of the hopes cherished during the long battle against Germany, and survey of the disappointment which has now come upon these hopes. But we have nobody to blame but ourselves; we were willingly deceived into the belief that war could bring us good and not evil. And we shall again have nobody to blame but ourselves, if we do not learn the lesson, and put by the things of war forever. For war cannot end war, any more than fire can quench fire, or darkness dispell darkness. Love, not hate, is the law of peace; self-abnegation, not self-assertion, the way to amity. If we would be in concord with one's enemy, one must love him and thus conquer him with a weapon more irresistible than any sword. There is abiding significance in the fact that he who summed up the whole body of the Law in the one great word of "love," was called the Prince of Peace; and in the legend that on his birth-night the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill among men"!

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around,
The idle spear and shield were high uphung. . . .

Such was the condition of the world, according to John Milton, "on the morning of Christ's nativity." How different the situation on this latest Christmas morning! War, political or industrial, is everywhere. The "battle's sound" is borne to our ears by every wind that blows. The "spear" was never so busy, nor the "shield" so battered by the blows of mortal combat. But what should we expect, when we have deliberately violated the principles of the Nazarene, and placed our reliance for security and happiness not upon goodwill but upon force? The peace prevailing at the hour of Jesus's birth is rightly made by Milton to be a beautiful symbol of the spiritual significance of his advent. Jesus came to bring an end to strife—to fulfill the day foreseen of Isaiah when swords would be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks. But no sooner was he gone, and the first generation of Christians, who understood his word, finally passed away, than men took sword again, and "in his name" did battle against their fellows. For centuries, the world of Christendom has been a world in arms; and in this our time the whole fabric of our civilization has been transformed into one gigantic armament. Christianity today means battleships, submarines, machine-guns, liquid fire, poisonous gases. And we wonder that war, thus anticipated, prepared for and not undesired, is still with us, and peace an ever-fading dream! Disarmament—this is the sign of peace today, just as it was "on the morning of Christ's nativity." Armies and navies are not the sole cause at work in this field of horror—they are not the sole result achieved. But, cause and result together of this phenomenon of war, they stand as the central and decisive issue of our problem. When battleships are sunk and armies disbanded, and fortresses dismantled, as on that blessed day "the idle spear and shield were high uphung," then shall we know that Christ's glad day of peace at last is come.

The shepherds sing; and shall I silent be?
My God, no hymne for Thee?
My soul's a shepherd too; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts and words and deeds:
The pasture is Thy Word; the streams Thy grace,
Enriching all the place.

The poems of George Herbert are full of quaint and charming conceits; and of these is there none more quaint and charming than this from his poem on "Christmas." How lovely the picture—of the Christmas legend transported from the outer to the inner world, from the plains of Judea to the secret places of our own hearts! And how inspiring the thought—of Christ borne ever anew to each one of us, with God's angel speaking of peace and goodwill to our soul, the "shepherd"! Truly, the birth-night is no single historical event, to be read in musty tomes, and discussed in learned controversial discourses. Rather is it a perpetual spiritual experience to all whose hearts are open to the miracle of God's indwelling spirit. To us today, as to the shepherd of old, come the "glad tidings of great joy"; and we are wise indeed if we give ear, and hasten with love and adoration to the manger of the Christ. For in him, thus borne to us, is the secret of life. The wisest men have found no truer way than the one he trod; the purest souls have reached no loftier heights of vision than the one he climbed. May this Christmas be to each one of us an occasion not of commemoration but of revelation. May we see Christ, as did the shepherds, and know him, as did they, to be born for our redemption.

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

Thus sings the stout Sir Walter, at Mertoun House, in address to his friend Richard Heber, Esq. The wind is indeed "chill"—more so this Christmas tide than any that the great Scotch bard ever saw! But just for that very reason must we keep it "merry still"; and the "wood" which we must "heap on" to this end, must be the gifts we give to those in misery who know us not. To men and women in poverty in our own cities and towns, to negroes in the South struggling heroically with their little schools and colleges, to the sick in our hospitals and the imprisoned in our jails, to the starving children of Germany and Austria, to the harried Jews of Poland and all eastern Europe, to the Armenians suffering now as of old from every human ill—to these and countless others must we minister, if the Christmas festival in our own warm and well-stocked homes is not to be a ghastly mockery. Let no one bless with generosity his own, who has not thrice blessed the helpless and forlorn in some far or near corner of this stricken world! Let no one face Christmas this year with content, who has not flung to hands unseen the largess of pocket-book and heart! A million tongues are appealing for help—let them be answered with the spirit of the Christ as revealed in the deeds of those who seek to do his will!

For little children everywhere
A joyous season still we make;
We bring our precious gifts to them,
Even for the dear child Jesus' sake.

Phoebe Cary is right—Christmas is at its best and highest a children's festival. We think of Jesus on this festal day as a little child clasped in his mother's arms within the shelter of the manger; and in our children, glorified at once by our love and hope, we see the Christ again incarnate on the earth. In serving them, we serve the Christ, like the wise men of old; and in bringing joy to their faces, we kindle a light outshining the radiance which smote the shepherds on the hillside of Bethlehem. No home which has not children can know what Christmas really is—unless this home throws wide its doors and sends forth its love to gladden the hearts of the myriad little ones who sit in darkness and the winter's cold. It is a good rule to celebrate Christmas by bringing Christmas to some child! Those who have children of their own should add some child to the circle of the home for this one day at least. Those who have no children should adopt one for the occasion. And, alas! they are not hard to find, for our so-called Christian civilization is as cruel to children as to men and women. Even "these little ones" are not spared the lust for gain which ravishes our earth. We are told that, in Soviet Russia the children are fed and nurtured, though all else is neglected. If so, revolutionary Russia is more truly Christian than are we, for the "acid test" of Christianity is childhood. When we make "a joyous season for little children everywhere" all the time, we shall have at least begun to do the will of Christ. When every day is Christmas we shall be "not far from the Kingdom of God."

We ring the bells and we raise the strain,
We hang up garlands everywhere
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
And feast and frolic—and then we go
Back to the same old lives again.

Is Susan Coolidge right in this melancholy asseveration? We fear that she is, for man is a seasonal creature—episodic alike in his resolves and his achievements. The very fact that we have especial days for especial dedications, is proof that we need incitement to rise above the dead level of our common days. We must have Sunday, that religion may not be crowded altogether out of our lives. We must have the Fourth of July, that we may not forget utterly to be patriotic. So we must have Christmas that on one day of the year at least we may enjoy the luxury of being good. Regularly the stimulus comes, and regularly we respond; and then, with the stimulus of the occasion withdrawn, we slump and straightway forget what manner of man we might be, and for this one happy moment of our lives, at least, have been. But there is no necessity that this should be so! The War has taught us the possibility of sustained endeavor in service and sacrifice. Every day during that period of stress was a day of challenge to the best—every hour an hour of dedication to the highest we knew. For months and years there was no slump—no falling "back to the same old lives again." For the War disciplined us to idealism as the military machine disciplined the recruits to arms. Only when peace came did we relapse—and thus return to that ancient problem of finding in peace what William James called a "moral equivalent for war." One thing is certain—that the one great day, set apart from others for observance, will not save us. This means, as always, that we rise only to fall. Our virtue becomes a sporadic, intermittent thing. What we must have is an inner discipline to constant idealism, which shall be as rigorous as the outer discipline of war; and this means a creative achievement of the soul which only the rarely great have gained. It is our task, none the less, to sustain the highest levels of thought and deed, to live constantly in the best moments of our lives, to transform goodness from an experiment to a habit. What we are on Christmas, we must ever be, even as was Jesus in the older time!

The Christmas Legend

It is a wonderful experience to read the legends of Jesus's birth and note how beautifully they fit in to the best and highest conceptions which we have today of the Nazarene. We are developing in our time a new religion of democracy, and we are learning to turn with growing eagerness to Jesus as the supreme prophet of this religion. In him we find the truest exemplar of the thought of brotherhood. His teaching seems to present the last, as it does the noblest, word of spiritual fellowship. In his person we seem to see the perfect incarnation of that "blessed love of comrades," which is more and more coming to constitute the essence of our present day religious faith. We sometimes feel that in the very intensity of our desire to find confirmation of our democratic ideals, we are building the prophet of Nazareth after the pattern of our desires. And yet, when we turn to the Gospel pages, do we not find in his marvelous story just the manner of man we are after? Not only in the historical record, but in the legendary adornment of this record, we find the teacher of brotherhood, the lover of men, the dreamer of the new society of comrades. Even the birth stories, were we writing them today out of the mystic imagination of our own hearts, would not be set down otherwise than as they actually appear.

For example, how clearly does the Christian legend give to us the picture of one born as a son of the people—a member of the great common multitude of humanity! Nearly all other great religious leaders have been men set apart by some fortune of noble birth. About these other leaders have been woven glorious legends of noble blood and princely possessions. Thus Confucius is said to have traced his ancestry through the sovereigns of the great dynasty of Shang; and his own house had rank among the dukedoms of the kingdom of Lu. Zoroaster was born of a noble family; two of his brothers, Frashoashtra and Jamaspa, are named among the grandees of the royal court of his native country. Buddha was the son of a king, and only entered upon his prophetic mission after withdrawing from the royal palace and surrendering his inheritance of his father's throne and scepter. Only Mohammed shares with Jesus the distinction of birth as a member of a poor family, and of early life among the peasantry of his native land. But with Jesus there is a definiteness of proletarian origin which pertains to no other religious figure outside of Christianity. Joseph was a carpenter; Mary, his wife, was one of the many poor housewives of Nazareth. The family of this artisan was ordinary in the extreme, and through his origin therefrom Jesus is linked with that whole great body of humanity which knows only the sordid stuggle for existence, the simple joys of family life, and the profound sorrows of deprivation and defeated hopes.

Again, is there not precious significance in the legend of Jesus's birth in the stable in Bethlehem! Not even was it the privilege of this great soul, according to tradition, to be born within his own home, and thus to find welcome place to lay his head. Here, at the very first moment of his experience, he is presented as one who was an outcast, with the doors of all the busy world closed fast against him. That he was born thus in Bethlehem is of course doubtful, as an historical fact; but this story is not to be discredited as worthless from either the poetic or historic point of view. For we see in it the projection of that shadow of loneliness and hatred which enshrouded his later life. So exiled was he from the hearts of the great and powerful, when his disciples followed him from village to village, that it seemed to those simple adherents that never at any time could he have shared the hospitalities of friendly life. He must have been from the first hour of his advent a nameless and homeless outcast; and therefore within the minds of these disciples did there grow up this picture of the father and mother, far away from their home, shut out from the inn in Bethelehem, and taking refuge in the stable manger. The beasts at least were kind, if men were not. When Jesus in his later years wandered farthest from the haunts of men, we may believe that

> The olives they were not blind to him,
> The little gray leaves were kind to him,
> The thorn tree had a mind to him.

So at the birth hour did nature smile! The oxen in the stalls, we are told, knelt in adoration before the manger. Even the dull ass seemed to be touched with sympathy, and hence bowed to the little child. Here was friendliness, even though the homes of men were closed and their hearts unkind. Who would have this legend otherwise! It is in itself a perfect picture of this prophet who "was rejected of men" but accepted of God.

Then there is the legend of the shepherds, to whom was first revealed the advent of this teacher who was to bring into the world the message of the better day. Not to the haughty king in Jerusalem, to the princes scattered up and down the land, to that Roman governor, who embodied within his lordly person the power of the Cæsars, or to those priests within the temple who were alone privileged to enter the Holy of Holies and there receive the mysteries of God—to none of these proud and lordly men was the message revealed. Rather did it come to those humble and nameless shepherds shivering on the cold hillsides of Bethlehem, as they watched their flocks for the pittance of their masters' dole. These were the men,

the commonest of the common people, to whom God sent his angel, and to whose hearts was committed the glad tidings of "peace on earth, goodwill to men!" If anything is to be learned from history, it is the fact that the common people are the hope of the world. It is the poor and ignorant, scarred by the cruelties of life, touched deep with sorrow and disappointment, who dream the dream and see the vision. Not by the great above but by the poor below, are held all the promises of the future and therewith all the best destinies of humankind. It is this fact which is inwrought in the legend of the shepherds in this lovely poem that is the glorious "magnificat" of the common man.

Again, there is the legend of the wise men! It is true that the imagination of later ages has transformed these travelers from the distant East into "three kings of Orient." Not understanding that Jesus's dignity is to be found in his own great soul and not in his worldy position or in the attitude of the world towards him, generations of sophisticated men and women have returned to the scripture tale and tried to rewrite it in terms of worldly prestige and honor. Thus, we have been told that Joseph was not a poor workingman, but a skilled artisan who was himself an employer of labor. One churchman has felt it necessary to imagine that the fishers whom Jesus took into his band of disciples were not common laborers who soiled their hands with the dirty fish snatched from the lakes of Palestine, but were rich contractors who did a wholesale business through the toil of other and humbler men. There are books which teach us that the shepherds were not serfs, but men of noble standing in the community who were watching flocks that mystic night only by some happy chance. But the worst of these sophisticated distortions of the Gospel narratives is found in this attempt to depict the wise men from the East as kings, laden with royal spoils, coming with their treasures to make offering at the feet of one born like themselves a king. If we will read the tale as it is given us by Matthew, we will discover no suggestion of this extraordinary idea. We are told that there came from the East "certain wise men." They were evidently recluses who had retired from the world and had meditated long upon the troubles of men and the mysteries of existence. They had come to believe that God could not forever desert his people, but some day must send one to rescue them from bondage and give them compensation for their ills. And now, as the legend runs, there arose upon the horizon of their vision the star of Bethlehem, and following it, these aged hermits came to the manger and paid tribute to the child in whom they saw the fulfillment of their dreams. So far as we can gather, these wise men traveled alone. They moved cold and hungry across the barren deserts of the East, living undoubtedly upon the charity of those whom they met upon the highroad. In their tattered garments they carried the bare hoardings of their day, and these, like precious gifts, they laid before the Wonder Child. But their noblest offering was the wisdom of their hearts and the trust of their pure and ardent souls. In them wisdom is depicted as bowing in recognition before the Master of Life. In this lovely tale we have, as it were, the prophecy that not only the humble but the truly learned were destined to find in Jesus "the way, the truth and the life."

And so we might go on dissecting all the elements of these legends so beautifully described as "wonder tales." In them we find the real Jesus—that revolutionary leader who shook the world of his time and spoke that word of overturning which has echoed through the ages down to our own tremendous day. There is something enormously impressive in the spiritual fidelity of these legends to what must have been the reality of the Nazarene's life. There grew up many stories following the crucifixion which presented Jesus as a prince, a man of power and splendor, a sovereign greater than the Cæsars of distant Rome; but all these fell away from the imagination of the early Christians. They knew them to be unsound. But with almost pathetic accuracy they discerned that these other legends, however unhistorical, were true at the heart, and these they wrote into their gospels and preserved for all future ages. It is well, as Christmas comes to us from year to year, to refresh our memories of these legends and see in them the humble human stuff which makes the texture of their fabric. We would not have these stories otherwise than they are. Just as they stand they give us what we want. Nineteen hundred years have passed away since that great night when Jesus was born of Mary—the race has moved far and endured great tribulation in that long period of time; but still there stands the Nazarene as the undaunted prophet of deliverance to humankind. In him is the democracy we seek; through him must be found the brotherhood which is our goal. Fortunate is it that on this central festival of the western world, we are reminded not of thrones but of a stable manger; not of kings and lords and bishops, but of a peasant son. Not of the rich and great but of rude shepherds on a hillside, and tired wise men following through darkness the light of a shining star. Each Christmas night is Jesus born anew, and if we would find him, it must be where he was found in that great day of old!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

CONTRIBUTED

Major Prophets of the New Christianity

IX. WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH—MARTYR TO HATE AND IGNORANCE.

The influence of Walter Rauschenbusch through this land was wider and deeper than he knew. No man has played a larger part in shaping organized Christianity than did he.
—*Professor Harry Ward.*

I thoroughly agree with Ward. Rauschenbusch was peculiarly fitted by his gentle spirit, personal piety and conservative connections to reach organized Christianity as no other of our Major Prophets ever did. Ministers whom I could never get sympathetically interested in social problems before, were interested when I put Rauschenbusch's writings into their hands.

The French Revolution liberated a body of ideas which it took over a century for men to understand; those ideas had to deal with the socialization of life; slowly we have been applying them to our thinking, seeing the necessity of socializing religion, politics, art, education, industry.

Of course there has been going on at the same time another emancipation—the completion of intellectual emancipation, which started in the English deists, came up through Hume, Voltaire, Mill, Emerson, and which has been taken into religion circles by such prophets as Ballou, Channing, Parker, Bushnell, Whittier, John Fiske, Jenkin Lloyd Jones. But this series of papers deals with the Prophets of Social Christianity, and among those prophets none have influenced the churches, from within, as have Rauschenbusch.

Rauschenbusch was a very sane man. Let me point back (in the light of the Paris Conference) to his last written word—a word on the war. He said, "Whatever the outcome may be, President Wilson will have a tremendous task to translate his idealistic utterances into realities against the pressure of special interests at home and abroad. Again and again in the past the peoples have been led to slaughter by noble hopes only to be cheated at the peace table."

Rauschenbusch's great work was his book "Christianity and the Social Crisis." Of this book John Haynes Holmes once gave an excellent summing up when he said: "Into this book has gone the learning of the scholar, the vision of the poet, the passion of the prophet. It is radical without bitterness, uncompromising without fanaticism. It is the first gospel of a new dispensation."

With Holmes I quite agree save with his last sentence. The book was the crowning statement of an old dispensation, the dispensation of social Christianity which since St. Simon has been trying to articulate itself in a message that organized Christianity would listen to.

St. Simon, Lamennais, Mazzini, Maurice, Kingsley, McGlynn, Tolstoy, Crosby, Rauschenbusch—these men are to the world today what Amos, Isaiah, Micah, Hosea, Jeremiah were to the Hebrew world.

The prophets from St. Simon to Rauschenbusch labored to emancipate the social teachings of Jesus from the accumulated rubbish of the ages; they put into our hands a new gospel—a gospel which says a stable society can be built only on *mutual good-will and justice.* The war has given us a new world to build, now shall organized Christianity use this gospel. This gospel tells us we cannot rebuild the broken world on envy, deceit, hate and war and oppression, on ignorance and injustice. The British Labor Party has issued a platform expressing itself as ready to let that gospel shape its political life. Even the Catholic bishops come a good bit of the way in accepting it. Where will organized Protestant Christianity stand?

The hate and ignorance of war-time conditions broke Rauschenbusch's heart, hastened his death—he was a martyr as well as a prophet.

ROLAND D. SAWYER.

What to Read on the Negro Problem

UNITY not infrequently has requests for bibliographies upon the Negro question. Recently, upon receiving such a request, we applied to the Chicago Urban League for a list of late publications upon the subject and promptly received the following valuable summary from the pen of Mr. C. S. Johnson, head of the League's Research Bureau, which we are glad to be permitted to give to our readers.—ED.

Popular ignorance on the whole racial situation in America is as pathetic as it is dangerous. The rapid succession of racial clashes between blacks and whites, and the present ominous outlook for the peace of the nation, have a very definite background of social history. Only a familiarity with this background can make the present muddle of relations understandable and, in any sense, curable.

Books by Negro writers on this subject are not numerous. However, where they attain a standard sufficient to risk publication, they bring a refreshing point of view. Most familiar to the public are the books of the late head of Tuskegee Institute, Booker T. Washington: "Up from Slavery," "My Larger Education," "Future of the American Negro," "Working With the Hands," "Tuskegee and Its People," "The Negro in Business" and "The Story of the Negro" are an interesting interpretation of the views and aspirations of one race to another in a friendly and helpful spirit. Mr. Washington succeeded in striking upon a basis of relationship nominally acceptable to both groups.

"Race Adjustment" and "Out of the House of Bondage," by Kelly Miller, Dean of the College of Arts and Science, Howard University, are a series of essays handled with admirable skill. A range of subjects from crime to "higher education of the Negro" is discussed.

W. E. B. DuBois compares favorably with American men of literature. His "Souls of Black Folk" is a volume of essays and sketches which combine the knowledge and conviction of a student with the grace and beauty of a poet. "The Negro," written later, approaches the scientific. It is a vindication of the human rights of Negroes, an arraignment of the other side; an exposition of facts of history not disclosed by historians. The chapter on the "Negro in the United States" is a concise and comprehensive view of the situation. "The Quest of the Silver Fleece," also by M. DuBois, is a novel with a purpose.

"The New Negro," by William Pickens, is a collection of speeches, polemic, but by no means a work of research. "Education of the Negro Prior to 1861,"

by Carter G. Woodson, Ph.D., is an excellent piece of research. The attitude of America toward Negro education for 241 years is set down calmly and methodically.

Bulletin 38, Bureau of Education, is a large two-volume study of Negro Education published in 1917. The study was conducted by Thomas Jesse Jones, specialist in Group Education. It is the best and most recent book on this phase of the subject.

Benjamin Brawley has made several notable contributions to the literature of this question. His "Short History of the American Negro" is called by the *Boston Evening Transcript* "the first book on the subject that one may accept as standard." A revised edition is forthcoming about the latter part of October. "Your Negro Neighbor" is a compact little volume on social relations. "The Negro in Literature and Art" is an appraisal of the Negro's contribution to American culture.

For those interested in a scientific background as a basis of understanding for present developments, Jerome David's "The Negro Races," Ratzell's "Races of Mankind," Tillinghost's "Negro in Africa and America" and Franz Boaz's "Mind of Primitive Man" are important. The opinion of Boaz is accepted as the most dependable authority on this subject.

Dr. Robert E. Park of the University of Chicago is probably the most thoroughly competent of any sociologist to diagnose these relations, but Dr. Park rarely writes. His "Racial Assimilation in Secondary Groups," published in Volume 8 of the *American Journal of Sociology,* is a treatment of group reactions from the standpoint of a sociologist. Dr. Park has inspired more books than he has written.

The business man with few hours for reading could profit by a perusal of Book V, "Readings in Social Problems," by Albert Benedict Wolfe. This book presents succinct passages on economic and social topics.

Books giving the attitude of a careful but disinterested student of racial relations, are: "The Southern South," by Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D., Harvard University, "Democracy and Race Friction," by John Moffatt Mucklin, Ph.D., University of Pittsburgh, "The Neighbor," by N. S. Shaler, "Half a Man," by Mary White Ovington, "Black and White," by Mrs. Hammond, "Studies in the American Race Problem," by Alfred Lloyd Stone. "Race Orthodoxy in the South," by Bailey of the University of Texas is an attempt to interest southern students in a dispassionate study of race relations. "The Present South," by Edgar Gardner Murphy, "Present Forces in Negro Progress," by Weatherford, and the publications of the Southern Sociological Congress are indications of a growing tendency among southern writers for facing embarrassing facts.

There are expressions of the southern attitude in "The Negro, the Southerners' Problem," by Thomas Nelson Page, and "The Color Line," by W. B. Smith. This latter book is a plea for the continued separation of the races. It purports to be scientific but it is not.

"Race Traits and Tendencies of the American Negro," by Hoffman, is regarded by Negroes as an infuriating absurdity.

A different presentation is found in books like "Following the Color Line," by Ray Stannard Baker, and "The Negro in the New World," by Sir Harry Hamilton Johnston. Both make interesting reading.

"Race Distinctions in American Law," by Gilbert Thomas Stephenson, is a compact and scholarly portrayal of facts concerning segregation in cities of the United States. "The Social History of the American Family," by Calhoun, is a recent publication. Volume III gives a treatment of the Negro family.

We have studies, from varying types of northern cities, of the manifestations of the silent, pitiless operation of social and economic forces against the Negro in urban communities. "In Freedom's Birthplace," by Daniels, a study of the Boston Negro; "The Philadelphia Negro," DuBois; "The Negro Migrant in Pittsburgh," Epstein; "The Negro at Work in New York City," Haynes; "Industrial Conditions Among Negroes in St. Louis," Crossland; "Negro New Comers in Detroit," Haynes; "The Color Line in Ohio," Frank Quillan, and "Negro in Chicago," a pamphlet by Junius B. Wood, are examples of the frequency of reports of immense value in comparing relations. "The Negro Year Book," published at Tuskegee, "The Journal of Negro History," and the publications of the Atlanta University Press, are valuable collections of social and historical facts. The American Academy of Political and Social Science has issued a number of remarkable papers. The *Crisis Magazine* presents monthly the opinion of the country on this question and the Negro's reaction to it.

"The Chicago Race Riots," by Carl Sandburg, is a seventy-five page booklet of interesting material intended to shed light on the background of the clash of races in Chicago. It has an introduction by Walter Lippman. The migration from the South, lynchings, and Northern industrial problems encountered by colored people from the South are treated sympathetically and with an easy grace.

Mr. Sandburg is a poet and journalist on the staff of the *Chicago Daily News,* and the material of the booklet is a series of articles which appeared in that paper. This booklet may be obtained for sixty cents from Harcourt, Brace, and Howe, Publishers, 1 West 47th Street, New York City.

Two important phenomena have occurred within recent years, the exodus to the North of nearly half a million Negroes, and the development of a new attitude of resistance to the pressure of the larger group. A volume by Carter G. Woodson, "A Century of Negro Migration," includes this social phenomena. A Bulletin of the U. S. Department of Labor has been published this year on the "Negro Migration in 1916-17." There will also appear soon a volume on this subject in a series to be published by the Carnegie Peace Federation.

The latter development is so recent no effort yet has succeeded in getting it beyond magazine and newspaper publicity. The expression "The New Negro," used without stint, appears to carry well the spirit of those who employ the term. It is from this New Negro that the American public will hear in the future. A younger set of writers they are, intelligent, restless and discontented, fired with the spirit of revolt against intolerable prejudices. Their fretful murmurs of protest are heard in the columns of the *Messenger, Favorite, Crisis* and *Champion* magazines.

There is need yet of the coldly scientific portrayal and treatment of facts and dispassionate analysis of the clashing elements in our social system.

CHARLES S. JOHNSON.

Chicago Urban League.

SELECTED

EXPERIENCES IN RUSSIA

VI.

Transport and Food Supply: the Two Vital Nerves of Russia

Recent events in England must have convinced even the most unreflecting observer that the life of the country depends on these two things, transport and food supply, and that on the functioning of the first the success of the second largely hangs. It is still more true of a country like Russia, and today truer than ever. With masses of people in the large towns, while the food-producing districts are enormous distances away, with many parts in north and west unable even in normal times to supply their own wants in food, it can readily be imagined that the effective working of the transport system was the question above all others for the Bolsheviks. If that failed, then all failed.

From the first moment that I got into Russia I set myself to observe as closely as possible the working of the railway system as I passed through, and I continued the observation on the expeditions I made out of Moscow. In Moscow itself I sought out the Commissary for Transport and questioned him closely on the condition of his department, his difficulties, and, if any, his success. As he is a man of an unusual type I got a frank discussion of the question.

The Great War had completely disorganized the Russian railway system. Apart from the actual waste which war always causes there was the working of the locomotives till the last ounce of their effectiveness was exhausted, the absence of repairs, and the lack of spare parts, for Russia relied largely on her western neighbors, and supplies were stopped. To these must be added the loss by destruction and damage of wagons. The director of the Dviegatl Wagon Works at Reval, an establishment employing in normal times some 5,000 men and working almost entirely for the Russian market, told me that he estimated the loss of wagons by Russia during the war at 600,000. If all these things be added together, a picture can be formed of the damaged, exhausted and destroyed condition of railway transport in Russia at the March Revolution, 1917.

On top of the condition I have described there was added, as intervention in Russian affairs grew pronounced and a ring of enemies formed around the country, a further difficulty in the absence of fuel. The Donetz basin in the south, the great source of coal, was cut off; so was Baku, from which they drew their oil. Motor transport, as second string, was therefore impossible, and indeed it is reduced to the strict necessities of official locomotion, no private motor driven vehicle being allowed.

Instead of coal or oil or petrol as combustible only wood is used, with the double disadvantage of the difficulty of procuring it and bringing it to the spot where it is wanted and of the lessening of the effective power of the engines that burn it.

Apart from the railway and motors there remains only horse transport. And, to anyone who knows the condition of Russian roads and the distances to be traveled, any question of horse transport except for short stages from the towns is absurd. Besides the ordinary movement of civilian travelers, which is by no means stopped, there is the transport of food, the supply of raw materials to the factories and the movement of goods when made, the furnishing of the towns with wood fuel, and, above all, the colossal military transport of men, munitions, food, to all points of the compass, and the necessity of transporting the débris of war, wounded men, hospital trains—all the paraphernalia of a great war on top of the urgent necessities of the civilian population, to be served by a depleted and exhausted railway system. The problem was terrific, and could only be faced, not to say solved, by someone of colossal energy who was willing to sacrifice himself. And that man is Leonid Krassin. There is here no question of politics—it is simply the meeting of a great need by the skill and energy of a competent man.

He is a Siberian, in the prime of life, about forty-eight years old, a highly skilled technician who was formerly the general manager for all the Russias of the Siemens-Schuckert Company. He sparkles with fiery energy, but his dark hair and full beard are becoming gray, and his face is lined with the tension under which he lives and works. And, speaking of him purely as a railway administrator, it seems to me that he has accomplished the almost impossible. For the transport system works and replies with tolerable success to the calls upon it. The military requirements, and they are immense, are met; the factories are still working, partly, either in the manufacture of munitions or in their own specialty; food is brought to the towns and is dispatched to the farthest corners of the country in the quantities that are possible; and still, though depleted, passenger traffic is maintained. This last is, naturally, best between the great towns, and one train each way, with passenger carriages, is run daily. Apart from that, people ride in the goods wagons, traveling just as the soldiers do. Whether it is they have been out buying food or doing business, the numbers who wish to travel seem greater than ever. Trains, of whatever kind they may be, are always packed like an egg, and I have constantly seen people riding on the steps, platforms, and even, with true Russian nonchalance, on the tops of carriages. But they travel.

The permanent way as I saw it in the west and in the neighborhood of Moscow is in good condition, likewise the stations, though I saw some which bore the marks of fighting; carriages are kept fairly clean, but there is little lighting at night. For sleeping, one lies on the bare seats, or the bunks, or, as nearly always happens, on the floor in carriage or corridor. The immense goods wagons are used for transporting soldiers as in the Great War, and most of those used are in fairly good condition, others roughly mended, and in sidings it was common to see others again broken down.

Krassin's difficulties were great. In the early days of the transformation of the workmen's conditions it was well-nigh impossible to get anything done, or any line to function properly. But, he said, he refused to take the post unless he could be master. And, bit by bit, he has reduced the chaos to something like order, has leashed the political commissaries who worked side by side with his technicians and engineers, and has, in some measure, provided for the vital wants of the country. Alexinsky, whom I interviewed at Reval, is bitterly anti-Bolshevik, but he expressed much the same opinion of the service in the north, and called Krassin a competent administrator.

One vital nerve, though not healthy, is yet not mortally attacked. What of the other?

I may as well say at once that in Moscow life, though hard, is not impossible. Prices are very high; they would, indeed, seem fantastic if one did not remember the actual value of the rouble—a few coppers. Tea is scarce and extremely dear; coffee is a substitute, but one that is good and palatable—quite unlike the substitute which I had to endure in 1918 in Sweden; milk is procurable, but kept generally for children and sick; butter and cheese can be bought; meat is costly and not very good. But vegetables were plentiful and fruit was there in abundance, as in all the markets of the towns I visited. The chief thing is, of course, bread. The Russian eats bread whenever he can obtain it—many eat very little else—and a sufficiency of bread is to the Russian the test of a good food supply. Bread is dealt out according to categories. Soldiers are placed outside the categories and get more than a pound of bread daily. Those in the first category, commissaries and hard manual or mental workers, get three-quarters of a pound; those in the second, the employes, get half a pound; and those in the last category, non-workers, get a quarter of a pound every day. Children up to the age of seventeen are counted in the first category. The bread is black bread, made from rye, coarse but palatable and very satisfying. A sort of white bread can be got for the sick, on a doctor's order. The average Britisher would find half a pound—i. e., 200 grammes—ample for a daily ration, but the Russian is a great bread eater, and most of the complaints and grumblings I heard regarding food were about bread.

The supply of bread is, again, one of the most critical tasks to be performed by the railway system. The North of Russia can never supply its own needs, and has to rely on what is brought from the South. That is why living in Petrograd has always been dearer and harder than in Moscow. In the West the soil is poor, and though it is cultivated the population requires assistance from the railway. And even in Moscow there have been weeks when no bread or but little could be distributed. The chief trouble was the transport of the food from places where it existed to the fringes of the country where it was badly wanted, and up to the time of my departure this had to some extent been done, and the dangers of famine staved off. These dangers were growing smaller from the nature of the 1919 crop, but, as will be understood, the crucial point will be the effectiveness of the means of transport. The practice of the government has been to apportion a certain part of the harvest, based on calculations of the needs of the family, to the farmer, and then to buy the surplus at a fixed price, which price had been raised for the present harvest. But great difficulties were experienced in getting this surplus. Peasants refused to part with it, hoarded and concealed it, and it was the steps taken to force the delivery of the corn which produced the disturbances in the eastern provinces, Samara and Simbirsk, last year.

At that time the need of the center of the country was desperate, local officials were not particularly conciliatory in their methods, and outbreaks of the peasants were the result. A scheme has been recently prepared for acting through the co-operative associations, who are to take over the duty of distributing manufactured goods to the peasants in exchange for the corn handed over. As the co-operative movement is widely spread and highly organized throughout the country, it looks as if this scheme might prove successful. One of the most crying needs of the peasants is manufactured goods, and last year articles to the value of 40 million roubles were sent out to the villages. And in consequence of this new scheme the president of the Co-operative Association, acting as chairman of the committee of the scheme, said that he would guarantee a pound of bread per head daily from the new harvest.

I had been told by the wife of Professor Pokrovsky, the historian, that the harvest in Ukrainia was immense and would require at least 80,000 men to gather it in. The ingathering had been under way long before I left and much had been secured. By great good fortune I met, fresh from a long tour through Ukrainia, a man whom I had known vaguely in England. He had gone south specially to see for himself the condition of the country, and had been greatly astonished. Harvests, he said, were of a richness unknown for fifty years, and could of themselves supply the whole of Russia. Food of all kinds, milk, cream, butter, cheese, meat, fruit was plentiful, and the last year's (1918) stocks of sugar (Ukrainian sugar is excellent) were untouched.

In the eastern provinces, Samara, Simbirsk and Uralsk, recently retaken from Koltchak, the harvests were on a similar scale. A request was made for 50,000 helpers. And once again the vital nature of the transport system was demonstrated. In spite of the calls of the military on the eastern front the railways transported in a fortnight 20,000 men into these provinces for the work of harvest.

The whole question therefore of food supply reduces itself to one of transport. It is that which explains why in one part, as at Ostrov (extreme west), and last year in Vologda (north), people are and were eating oilcake, while in the central towns and in the villages I passed through rye bread was the staple and procurable. It is that which is the cause of the difference in rates of living between Petrograd and Moscow, between the fringes of the country and the center. And if the transport system can continue to function my belief is that so far as food is concerned the worst days of the Soviet Republic are past.

One side of this transport problem needs bringing to public attention. The needs in machinery are stupendous—in agricultural machinery, of course, but still more in locomotives, wagons, and above all, spare parts. An engineer with whom I talked, formerly at the head of a great business in Petrograd, put at 25 milliards of roubles the value of these necessities. I repeated this to the director of the Konshin mills on the way to Kieff at Serpukhof. He said it was probably an approximately true figure, but that it might be much greater. His people, he said, had placed orders in England before the war for a million in spare parts for their spinning and weaving machinery. "And we have received nothing, but we have now six years of further waste and depreciation of machinery to make up in addition."

Yet this colossal market, able to find employment for the whole of the west, is closed to the world by existing conditions on the frontiers.

Manchester Guardian. —*W. T. Goode.*

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XIV.
The Ramayana

Luxury can never taste of happines if it is not offered by the hand of affection, but love can be supremely happy in the home of poverty.

—Sita to Rama.

The Ramayana is one of the sweetest, dearest epic stories in the traditions of the world. It and the Mahabharata are the product of the newer Hinduism,—Brahmanism modified by the later Buddhism and by the thought of the non-Aryan races. In its present form it was probably written three or four hundred years before Christ but undoubtedly it began to be at some remote period, at least 1000 B. C. and rolled down the centuries into the hearts and inheritances of the reflective Brahmans. Finally the poet, Valmiki, wrote it down in the shape in which we now have it in translation. It is unfortunately of painful length, twice as long as Browning's "Ring and the Book," with its 22,000 lines, containing twenty-four thousand couplets and consequently it is not available in English except in abstracts. But one cannot miss its beautiful imagery and fascination even in a fifteen minute reading.

As an epic it has more or less foundation in history but like most epics no foundation in fact. It is the philosophy and reflections which it contains that give to it its value. There probably was a hero in some very early time, perhaps as early as 1000 or 2000 B. C. who made an invasion with an army and because of his greatness and personal magnetism and power, and the possession of certain attributes, became a popular hero. The stories grew as did that of King Arthur.

> It grew—not like the Maha-bharata by the incorporation of new episodes, tales and traditions—but by fresh descriptions of the same scenes and incidents. Generations of poets were never tired of adding to the descriptions of scenes which were dear to the Hindu, and patient Hindu listeners were never tired of listening to such repetitions. The virtues of Rama and the faithfulness of Sita were described again and again in added lines and cantos. (*Romesh C. Dutt.*)

A very readable translation is by Frederika Richardson, which has been in turn translated from the French. It is called, "The Iliad of the East: A selection of legends drawn from Valmiki's Sanskrit poem." Another translation in verse is by Romesh C. Dutt, from whom we quote above, who has made an effort to preserve something of the "musical movement" of the sonorous Sanskrit poetry. A good outline of the story is contained in "Hindu Literature" by Mrs. Reed, also occasional quotations from different translations. There are now three or four versions. Valmiki has taken the poet's privilege of putting himself into the story once in a while.

The most critical estimate is contained in Monier William's "Indian Wisdom" in which he says: "Notwithstanding the grimness of exaggerated character, there is exquisite poetic feeling." In a brief summary of the story, he says:

> In the seventh descent Vishnu infused half of his essence into the great Rama, commonly called Rama-Chandra, the moon-like Rama. . . .
>
> He is celebrated throughout India as the model son, brother and husband, who was banished by his father to the southern forests. There his pattern wife Sita was carried off by Ravana, the tyrant king of Ceylon, and recovered by Rama after making a bridge of rocks to the island. He was aided by Hanuman—a powerful chief of one of the aboriginal tribes, poetically compared to monkeys. This story forms the subject of one of the two great Indian epics—the Ramayana—and no story in the world has obtained a wider circulation and celebrity. Every man, woman and child in India is familiar with Rama's exploits for the recovery of his wife. . . . The name Rama is a link of union for all classes, castes and creeds. And yet it is highly probable that, during his lifetime, Rama received little more than the usual homage offered to every great, good and brave man. His apotheosis did not take place till after his death, when he was converted into one of the most popular incarnations of Vishnu; his servant Hanuman also receiving divine honors.

In the details of the story we begin to realize the quiescent, contemplative, reflective quality of Brahmanism.

In the first chapter of Miss Richardson's "Iliad" there is an account of Valmiki receiving his commission to tell the story of Rama to the "listening ages." As an anchorite in the woods he hears the joyous song of two herons which was rudely ended by the shot of a pitiless hunter.

> . . . As the sound of flowing water mellows itself into harmony, so did his grief for the desolate bird sing itself into measure, swaying his thoughts to and fro with a musical, dreamy movement.

The eternal Brahma speaks:

> "Happy art thou, Valmiki, who hast found favor in the sight of the ardent goddess of eloquence! The divine quality of pity has drawn to thee the burning kiss of the capricious Saraswati! Up, then, O man! who hast tasted an immortal's love, speak forth the Divine breath which inspires thee! Sing to the listening ages the wondrous story of Rama, whose ineffable beauty shall not fade till the stars grow dim in heaven." . . . Thus did Valmiki, in whose heart dwelt the love of universal nature, receive the divine gift of Poesy, in exchange for *tears of joy!*

Following the description of a drought we read:

> In the midst of prosperity the heart of man is parched and arid also, without the kindly dews of sympathy; and if the supernal message of love fall not on him from the skies, the sweetly perfumed blossoms die, ere ever they have rent through the bud.

When the time comes for Rama to go into the wilderness, leaving his brother, Bharata, to occupy the throne, he desires to leave Sita behind. But in the spirit of Ruth she goes with him.

> Lightly I dismiss the counsel which my lord hath lightly said,
> For it ill beseems a warrior and my husband's princely grade!
>
> For the faithful woman follows where her wedded lord may lead,
> In the banishment of Rama, Sita's exile is decreed,
>
> Sire nor son nor loving brother rules the wedded woman's state,
> With her lord she falls or rises, with her consort courts her fate.
>
> * * * *
>
> As the shadow to the substance, to her lord is faithful wife,
> And she parts not from her consort till she parts with fleeting life. (*Dutt.*)

A tender and sweet love poem is that in which Sita tells an ancient recluse of her love for Rama.

I cannot tell whether I be a dutiful wife or no; I only know that I love Rama. When I stood by the sacred Fire, and the flame glowed up into my hero's face, as he vowed to love and cherish me, his eyes met mine, and they held me, and I could not look away.

Then my soul went out to him.

I cannot tell if it was God did that or the flame, which lit up both our faces, or whether his dark, wistful eyes drew the heart out from me! I only know that when my gaze fell there was a Heaviness in my breast, and a Pain, and yet a strange Delight. And where there had been selfish pride before, was written Rama; and where there had been hope, or joy, or beauty, was written Rama; and where there had been dreams of unknown bliss, was written Rama; and where there had been God and heaven, was written Rama!

Of the Rakshasas, represented as demons inhabiting Ceylon, to where Sita is finally carried by their chief, we read:

Laughter is common enough among the Rakshasas; they are amused by the sight of suffering; and as there is plenty of that in the world, they have many occasions for mirth. They can, too, grin maliciously, and cut the lip with a scornful sneer; but to smile is not given to these demons. The Smile is the transfiguration of the countenance which beholds the Ideal; the Rakshasas have no such vision. It is the radiant Flash which follows the meeting of three sentiments—Love, Pity, Desire; these feelings are not much in vogue among the Rakshasas. Finally, in the Smile is always hidden a memory of past tears; the Rakshasas have no such memories—for they cannot weep.

When wooed ardently by Ravana, chief demon, Sita says courageously:

Is the viper, that crawls upon his belly through the dust, more noble than the kingly eagle, who soars up close to the golden sun, because he has a fatal venom in his tongue? Is the savage beast, who tears and destroys his prey, more powerful than Vishnu, the kindly God in whose sight life is very precious? *Then* art thou more noble and more fearless than my Rama!

Rama in his distress fumes against the gods, but his better nature triumphs:

I was wrong! Virtue is a service man owes *himself*, and though there were no Heaven, nor any God to rule the world, it were not less the binding law of life. It is man's privilege to know the Right and follow it. Betray and persecute me, Brother Men! Pour out your rage on me, O malignant Devils! Smile, or watch my agony with cold disdain, ye blissful Gods! Earth, Hell, and Heaven, combine your might to crush me—I will still hold fast by this Inheritance! My strength is nothing—time can shake and cripple it; my youth is transient—already grief has withered up my days; my heart, alas! it seems well nigh broken now! Anguish may crush it utterly, and Life may fail; but even so, my Soul, that has not tripped, shall triumph, and dying, give the lie to soulless Destiny, that dares to boast itself Man's Master!

Angada, one of the chief monkeys, answers the question of the vulture as to how Rama had earned the evident devotion of living creatures:

Rama is a King' son, who loved honor better than his father's crown; that is why he is in exile. As he has been true to his own soul, so has he been just to the lower creatures, whom Brahm made to be his younger brothers. He has despised none; he has not thoughtlessly inflicted pain; he has taken pleasure in winning their simple, trustful love; that is why he possesses, unimpaired, Man's sovereignty over every living race and tribe upon this earth.

In time the poem came to mean more than a mere story. Sita came to be the personification of the Human Soul, and Rama, especially since he was the reincarnation of Vishnu, was the Divine Essence. It came to mean, "The drifting of the soul and self into a mystic dream of ecstatic union with the throbbing life that beats throughout the universe."

Another version of the story was written in the vernacular of northern India by Tulasi Das, and to a vast majority of Hindus this version of the Ramayana is the sole standard of conduct. The Hindu has no scripture which is perhaps the reason why this piece of real literature has so much religious value and has come to be almost a scripture. The Hindus came to feel that there was a sort of transcendant power in the mere words of the poem. The book is a reflection of the philosophy and ideals of the people. Brahmanism today is a religion of philisophy, not a philosophy of religion. While not a missionary religion it has broken over its limitations. It is the most tolerant religion in the world; it adapts, appropriates, confesses all the forms of religion the world has ever known and perhaps today is a more active force on spiritual lines than is Christianity itself.

QUESTIONS.

(1) Is there any historical foundation to the story of The Ramayana?
(2) When did it take its first written form?
(3) Tell in outline the story of Rama and Sita.
(4) Give the Sanskrit definition of a smile.
(5) What would you say as to the religious value of the Epic?

THE OLD NEW SONG.

On Judah's hills that night spread out a deeper passion's heat,
A deeper hush held charmed its rock-seamed climbing plains.
Expectant tremor filled the air and sounds so strangely sweet;
A hope so long deferred had found its old refrain:
"On earth be peace!" so ran the song's celestial measure
"Good will to men!" the price to win the promised treasure.

The shepherds' watching band and mute creation's gladdened host
Echoed the choired angels' softly flowing song,—
But did the hurried throng of millions warring, striking, lost?
And was that wonder-night the burial doom of wrong?
"On earth be peace!" the lips of men oft toned the measure.
"Good will to men!" Few paid this ransom for the treasure.

Dense night is still on Judah's hills, and passions scourge our day;
And hope deferred has sickened hearts and wearied hands
Since from the heights burst forth that strangely sweet first Christmas lay;
The roar and rage of battle still fills earth's sad lands,
"On earth be peace!" our deeds belie faith's noble measure.
"Good will to men!" is, as it was, to-morrow's treasure.

Do not despair withal! The Christmastide's old love speaks true,
The night is old, but starry beacons token young dawn's birth.
Let Herods rage! In lowly huts true kings their vow renew
That builders they of heavens new to arch o'er nobler earth.
"On earth be peace!" the best of men entone this measure
"Good will to men!" their single faith's one holy treasure!

—*Emil G. Hirsch.*

Our hours are nothing to the birds. Why, some birds work in the summer sixteen hours a day. Indefatigably they clear the crops of insects. The thrush gets up at half-past two every summer morning. He falls to work at once, and he never stops until half-past nine at night—a clean nineteen hours. During that time he feeds his voracious young 206 times. The blackbird starts to work at the same hour as the thrush but he lays off earlier. His whistle blows at half-past seven, and during his seventeen-hour day he sets about one hundred meals before his kiddies. The titmouse is up and about at three in the morning and his stopping time is nine at night. A fast worker, the titmouse is said to feed his young 417 meals—meals of caterpillar mainly—in the long, hard, hot day.

Onward.

News from Europe

Sinn Fein Strength.

The Dublin correspondent of the London *Daily Herald* draws a picture of what is taking place in Ireland that is most unlike those which are drawn by the Dublin Castle authorities.

I have just come back from a month's visit to Dublin, whither I went in search of truth.

Without falling into the American habit of thinking to know the soul of a nation in a fortnight, I have seen with my own eyes a multitude of facts at variance with what the English Press bids us believe.

I was fortunate in having as my guide Desmond Fitzgerald, M.P. for the Pembroke Division of Dublin and Minister of Propaganda in the Sinn Fein Dáil Eireann.

The Press tells us that Sinn Fein is an organization of the more disreputable elements of the population and that it has no real hold on the people as a whole.

Here are the facts. At the General Election Sinn Fein won 73 out of 105 seats. *Of every three voters two voted for an Irish Republic; of every five voters four voted for self-determination; and only one in five voted for English rule.* Outside North-East Ulster there were only three seats not won by Sinn Fein.

Very nearly one million voters declared themselves supporters of Sinn Fein out of a total of a million and a half. This does not look as if Republicanism has "no real hold on the people as a whole."

But I saw other signs. I was going to Harcourt Street, where is the Sinn Fein headquarters. Outside I found a huge crowd of excited people and 40 soldiers with bayonets pointed at the crowd, while a large number of police were raiding the offices.

Was the crowd glad of the police interference? I read in a Unionist paper that a brigadier-general had come to the conclusion, after visiting Dublin for the Horse Show, that the majority would welcome "firm rule," and called themselves Sinn Feiners only, owing to intimidation. I wonder if he saw that crowd. Everyone was shouting "Up, the rebels," "Up, De Valera," "Down, England"; even the children were cursing the police and jeering at the soldiers.

Or, again, does this not tell a different story? The Dáil Eireann, which is the prohibited Sinn Fein Parliament, had just issued a national Republican Loan, for advertising which the whole Sinn Fein Press, the *Voice of Labour*, and the organ of the Gaelic League, were suppressed in Dublin alone.

That loan was being subscribed to from every part of the country. Workers, agricultural laborers, dockers, casual laborers on the quays, were subscribing the whole of their savings—a £5 or a £10 note perhaps—but what solidarity does this not show; workers have little money to subscribe to loans nowadays?

Ireland to-day is solidly Sinn Fein except Northeast Ulster, so solidly that England with all her tanks, bayonets, machine guns, spies, police, is finding it quite impossible to rule her against her will.

Lack of Small Change.

No one in this country seems to appreciate what the dearth of metallic money means at this time to the people of France. The Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* sends an illuminating report on the situation:

The lack of metallic money in France has become acute. At the present moment it is inflicting very serious hardship not only on the consumer, who finds it almost impossible to pay for any purchase which is not a round multiple of five francs, the smallest State bank-note, but on the trader as well, who finds himself unable to sell. In certain trades occupied exclusively with small purchases, such as the cafés, the purveyors of daily necessities of food, and, of course, especially those who sell newspapers, there is actual ruin threatened if a new large issue of metallic money be not soon made.

The Parisian who has not the good fortune to possess change in his pocket when he starts out at the beginning of the day often discovers that he is not able to buy a paper or pay his tram or his fare (in the last instance he has to get down and pursue his journey on foot), or enter a café, perhaps not even have lunch. Naturally everyone is very much disturbed, for although this sort of thing has happened before it has never been half as bad as it is at present.

The first cause seems to be the low rate of exchange, which has made silver more valuable than its face value in the franc. The Government has issued a proclamation threatening pains and penalties to those who melt down money. It is, of course, only a grandiose example of Gresham's law in application, the silver point having been long passed.

Simple people everywhere are finding their own explanation, as in "general bankruptcy" and similar vague and general phrases, and I have myself come across small tradespeople who talk gloomily of a mysterious catastrophe which is to make the hundred-franc bill worth only ten or twenty francs in the near future. Rumors of this sort are about everywhere, and would account for the large hoarding which is undoubtedly going on among the peasants and country people. At present one can get 10 per cent premium on a franc's worth of pennies with the greatest ease; so it has been for at least a month. These two factors, then the melting down and exportation of coin, and the hoarding which is partly caused by it, will oblige the Government very soon to issue a new series of small notes. It does not appear that they can well afford to coin any more silver at the present price. But the intense alarm and inconvenience which is sweeping over the masses here should be carefully watched.

An International Loan.

At the conference called by the "Fight the Famine" Council, held recently in London, the means by which the European economic system could be established were discussed.

Sir George Paish, who presided, said that international war debt should be paid as far as possible by the fortunes accumulated out of war profits. Sir George Paish's proposal was that the League of Nations should issue a form of security which nations could accept at face value—an international loan taking precedence over national debt.

Speeches were also made by Professor Brentano, of Germany, Mr. Oppenheim, from Vienna, Mr. Austin Harrison, editor of the *English Review*, and Mr. Percy Molteno.

The first reference to the milch cow question was made yesterday. It was stated that the German proposal was not to deprive France of a single cow provided for in the treaty. All that Germany had asked was that she should be permitted to buy American cows for France in substitution for those which otherwise would be taken from Germany. It was argued that the whole question of milk shortage in France was therefore irrelevant.

The afternoon session was devoted to considering "in what respect revision of the economic clauses of the Peace Treaty should be recommended as a condition precedent to the rectification of the economic disorganization of Europe."

The general conclusion reached by the discussion was that the precise amount of the penalty to be paid by Germany should be determined as rapidly as possible, and that guarantees of access to raw material, shipping, credit, etc., to enable her to pay such damage should be furnished.

Sir George Paish said that never before had Europe and civilization been in such danger as to-day. The danger was that the credit of the world would break down as the credit of Germany had broken down. If it did, God help England. We were more dependent than any other nation on food and raw materials from all parts of the world. The condition was infinitely more serious than at the beginning of the war. Europe needed all the food and raw material that the world could produce, and the world could only sell to Europe, but she had no means to pay. To-day her productive power had fallen to an alarming point.

Sir George said he had just returned from Germany, and came away more alarmed by the present position than he had ever been during the war. The people were without proper stocks of clothing, without coal, without money to buy. He thought that no people but the Germans could so endure such poverty and misery. We in her place could not stand it. The danger was that there might at any moment be in Germany an explosion which would destroy not only Germany herself but France, Italy, and this country, and nothing was being done to rectify those perilous conditions. Our Government and the Entente Governments must take instant action to protect the lives of the people of Europe and defend civilization from its imminent danger. No single Government could render the enormous help required.

H. S. N.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THE CHILDREN OF AUSTRIA AND GERMANY ARE STARVING —A CHRISTMAS APPEAL.

The birth rate in Germany has dropped from 27.5 per thousand in 1913 to 15.83 in 1916, and 14.29 in 1917, so that the number of births is now well below the number of deaths. In spite of the condition of malnutrition of the mothers the children when born are normal. Their further development, however, is seriously interfered with not only by the lack of nourishment of the mother, but also by the defective supply of cow's milk, resulting from the lack of concentrated feeding stuffs. Thus, before the war Berlin received 1,250,000,000 litres of milk per day; it now receives about 225,000 litres per day, a quantity insufficient to maintain the milk rations. Not only is the milk insufficient from defective feeding of the cows, but it is poor in quality from adulteration. This lack of milk has serious effects on the health of the children. Thus the death rate of children between the ages of 2 and 6 years, is stated to have risen by 49.3 per cent between 1913 and 1917. The almost complete withdrawal of milk at 3 years, and the small amount of butter available for the family, cause rickets to be prevalent in practically all classes, this disorder being no longer confined to the poorer and ignorant classes. As a result, not only is the resistance to infection diminished, but the coming generation will be marked by the presence of numerous cripples from the deformities of bones induced by this disorder.

In the schools many of the children look fairly healthy, their cheeks being rounded with some color. A large number are thin and pale in the face, and about a quarter have sunken eyes. When stripped, however, they are seen to be very thin, except so far as concerns their abdomens, which are swollen in consequence of the large amount of indigestible vegetables in their diet. The teachers complain that the children become tired and inattentive after the first hour. All the children, even in the lower class schools, were clean and neatly dressed. It is stated that the mortality among school children from 6 to 15 has risen 55 per cent in 1918, as compared with 1913.—*From the British Government's "White Paper" (No. 280) on Food Conditions in Germany.*

Fortunately the way is open to send quickly what small measure of help we can to succor, while yet we may, a few of these suffering children. The American Friends' Service Committee (whose headquarters are at 20 South Twelfth Street, Philadelphia), is already carrying on a noble work of rescue and relief in the famine and disease stricken areas of both Germany and Austria. Let us fill their hands with gifts. Contributions may also be sent to Miss Jane Addams, Hull House, Chicago.

LEAGUE OF OPPRESSED PEOPLES.

Statement of Principles and Purposes.

I. The United States entered the war with the announced purpose of overthrowing imperialistic aggression and securing freedom throughout the world. Allied governments and peoples repeatedly proclaimed these principles as equally their own. Faith in these principles maintained the vigor and integrity of allied morale and enabled the people to withstand the long agony of war. Neither the costly victories on the battlefields nor the subsequent negotiations of the Peace Conference fulfilled these aims for the world at large. Many peoples disillusioned and resentful still suffer under exploitation and oppression. The avowed moral aims of the war, which were sanctified by so much blood and suffering, cannot now be relinquished. A rational and concerted effort on the part of all who care for freedom must be made to bring them to genuine realization. For this purpose the League of Oppressed Peoples is formed.

II. We affirm our adherence to the principle that every people, conscious of its political unity and individuality, is possessed of an inherent and inalienable right to determine its own domestic institutions and to determine its relations with other peoples by free consent, democratically ascertained.

We maintain that the principle of self-determination is not only founded upon the common sentiment of right and justice, but, further, is fundamental to the promotion of interests, moral, intellectual and material, of the world as a whole. There can moreover be no permanent or successful League of Nations and no stable peace in the world so long as one people is held in subjection to another; no end to the scheming of competitive imperialism; no surcease to the burden of competitive armaments; and no security against world wars, increasing in magnitude and horror with every advance in science and mechanical power.

III. We maintain that any people which holds sovereignty over another, by whatever historic or other claim, without free consent democratically ascertained, can clear itself from the guilt of usurpation and oppression only insofar as it admits explicitly and without qualification the temporary character of its dominion, and in good faith inaugurates immediately the political and social institutions and the fiscal autonomy essential as a first step to the statehood of the subject people.

We further maintain that the use of military violence, torture, agents provocateur and starvation blockades for the purpose of suppressing national protests against foreign rule or foreign intervention is an unpardonable offence against humanity.

IV. We declare the relations between subject peoples and the alien powers that for the present claim sovereignty over them to be a matter of international concern, and that no such power has a right to resent inquiry on the part of other governments into the manner in which it executes its trust, nor to interfere with the investigation, by public or responsible private agencies, of its policies of control and administration.

V. We shall oppose by all constitutional means any assistance by the United States, military, financial or commercial, to any state which is seeking, directly or indirectly, to reduce an alien people to subjection, or to hold in subjection a people which is working toward its own liberation, and we shall equally oppose any policy or sentiment of the United States which tends to such infringements.

VI. It is our immediate aim to collect and disseminate information on the conditions and the aspirations of subject peoples; to coöperate with their representatives and all organizations both here and abroad whose aims are similar to ours; to work for the preservation of the American right of asylum against the attacks of foreign governments and any compliance on the part of our own administration, to the end: That a sound and well-informed opinion may be created on all matters pertaining to the development to freedom of the peoples now under alien rule, and that the liberal forces of the world shall together achieve "the liberty and self-government and the undictated development of all peoples," and thus lay a secure foundation for the peace of the world.

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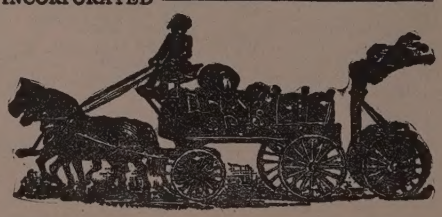

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